

# Good Morning

100

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## I get around

By Ronald Richards

AT the Knightsbridge Studio Club I caught a glimpse of a medal that was passing round. It came to me, and I had the doubtful privilege of holding a German-Italian North African campaign medal, struck by the Nazis two years ago when they were on the Egyptian border. The present owner, a troop deck steward in the Merchant Navy, is Fred Adeoni, brother of the celebrated London head waiter.

He told me he got the medal from one of the "Death and Glory" troops for two cigarettes. Also in his collection were five watches and a few rings. "They were glad to give them to us," he added.



One medal—two cigarettes.

Fred is on extended leave and anxiously awaiting the first addition to the family. His stories, which he tells more than half jokingly, of experiences of trips with several thousand prisoners on board, are gripping. On several occasions he had to enter holds containing two hundred or more Germans, to act as interpreter, because he was the only member of the crew who spoke sufficient German to understand whether or not their complaints were justified.

Before entering the holds it was ordered that all arms should be taken off. "It wasn't too comfortable at times," he mused.

The most hectic trip of all, he recalled, was from the Mediterranean, when, with three spare crews, two thousand Germans, half as many Italians, five hundred American troops and a company of Royal Marines, he spent nearly all his time keeping the peace—between the Americans. "The others were as good as gold. But those Yanks were treacherous. Several times I was threatened at the point of a gun when food was short."

When I left the club Fred was in trouble again. An American had suggested that he should be in the Army.

**LOOKING** at women, especially if they're good-looking, is no crime.

I'm happy about that, and I don't think there are many members of H.M.S. "Tribune" who wouldn't join me in drinking the health of Judge Charles Solomon, because it was he who made this ruling in court recently.

After dismissing a charge against a youth who had been accused by a policeman of walking around the park staring at girls, the Judge said:—



## There's nothing like watching other people work!

This is what is really meant by a refresher course—or is it 'refreshing' course? At any rate you can say it is nature in the raw on a day when the bare idea of being closed up in a class-room revolts. So the kiddies of Stretford, near Manchester, take their studies in the open and learn to make hay while the sun shines.

"It's lucky you don't follow me around. If looking at women is a crime, there are lots of criminals on the streets, and I'm one of them."

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FROM a speech by a politician, reported in a London newspaper, I take the following:—

"The savage Nazis lay waiting under the sea. Waiting for a chance to carry out their foul deed of sending our food to the bottom of the ocean. The skulking Germans have perfected this dastardly warfare, and are furthering their cause by means of these uncivilised methods. Any British ship is a target for them. To kill is their one aim."

The beasts.

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ALTHOUGH I was at the opening of the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists in their New Street Galleries, it was not until this week that I had the opportunity to take a first look round at the entries.

I never remember seeing the names of so many women amongst the very large number of exhibitors.

A portrait that appealed to me was M. V. Humes's "Belgian Soldier," and Miss Sibylla Duyts contributes an unusual self portrait; of Mr. B. Fleetwood-Walker's three interesting portrait studies I preferred "Boy Study."

I thoroughly recommend this exhibition; it will be open throughout the summer, and may be extended until late autumn.

## News Frae Scotland

### COOL CUSTOMER.

HOW do, submariners. Sas-senachs say that Scotland's a donnert sort of place, but they say this happened in Aberdeen, and yet it very probably occurred in Edinburgh. The proprietor of the "boozer" was wrath. He said to the customer: "You come in here, ask for a glass of water, and then calmly make to walk out of the place." And the customer replied, "What dae ye expect me to dae—stagger out?"

### WHAT A LAW!

WHICH brings us to a story concerning the very old Peacock Inn at Newhaven, on the Forth. Imagine if you will the tall, flamboyantly dressed and top-hatted figure of Lord Provost William Y. Darling, of Edinburgh, recently knighted, standing in the narrow, old-world main street of that Scots fishing village, crying aloud for wine. It appears daft, but when the Lord Provost not so long ago inaugurated Leith's "Wings for Victory" Week he was told by mine host of the Peacock Hotel that the privilege to demand wine was his if he so desired, according to an ancient by-law, which had not been revoked, and the local vintners would have to supply his wants.

### THIRSTY SEARCH.

HERE'S the sequel. According to report, some time later the Lord Provost's secretary rang up the landlord of the Peacock and asked him if he was sure of his statement, be-

cause "we've been searching high and low through the records for the damn thing and we can't find it." Knowing the L.P.'s secretary, we are sure he would have searched with high hopes of future blessings, and yet, knowing the Lord Provost to be a gallant and deservedly decorated soldier of the last war with a keen sense of fun, we appreciate that nothing would have given him greater joy than to make his demand of the vintners—out of hours.

### CLOCK STORY.

WHILE speaking of fiction and fact, in the Scottish capital a self-appointed guide

was telling some American soldiers that the Edinburgh floral clock said "Cuckoo" the requisite times to denote the quarters, the half-hour and the hour. His listeners smiled incredulously, so the man said he would ask the first person who came along to bear out his statement. A young boy, in reply to the query, replied, "Hoo dae A ken?" The second passer-by happened to know the guide, and said, "Why ask me, George; ye ken fine yersel!" The third, an ex-Lord Provost, confessed he knew nothing about the matter, but the guide's reputation was

## Education Made Easy

Conducted by ODO DREW

**Reuter's.**—No; it is quite definite that the famous Dutch admiral did not found the great British Press agency.

**Bottles.**—Some consternation is said to have been caused amongst ratings by the request of a Ministry that all "bottles" must be returned. Some blokes, we agree, would not appreciate the procedure at all.

**Striking his Flag.**—Fed-up as a rating might be, this is the last thing that he would do. Such an insult to the Service would be met with the severest punishment. Admirals, however, may do this with impunity.

**Ticklers.**—It is reported that a well-known Captain, renowned for his somewhat unconventional ideas, once told a defaulting that if he did not amend his ways, "I'll stop your ticklers, Jack."

**Rabbits.**—There seems still to be a great shortage of these ashore, in spite of valiant efforts by some sailors to relieve the situation.

**Untruthfulness Afloat.**—It is not possible to prove that there is more untruthfulness amongst the complements of small than of big ships. Chaplains seem to be able to do nothing in the case of hard-liners.

## PAMELA BAILEY SAYS IT WITH FLOWERS

Here's how things are at home Stoker Petty Officer Joe Bailey

MONDAY is washing day, and it is a bad day to call on housewives. But at three o'clock, when I knocked at 16 Linen Street, Warwick, your wife Margaret came to the door all spick and span. She had just finished the last of her ironing.

You should have seen her when I told her it was about Joe.

Then we walked up the hill together and went and got Pamela out of school. Pam was supposed to have gone to her shorthand class at night, but she was much too excited, and we all went home and had tea. But your wife changed a little when I told her I wanted to take her photo.

"With my hair like this? No fear, Joe will divorce me. I was going to get a perm to-night. You must come back to-morrow."

Anyway, I got them in the garden behind the hydrangeas you planted three years ago. Pam says that they have never bloomed so well as they have this year.

Mum and Dad are well, and Tom and Doris and their children are going there next week to stay ten days.

Margaret has just received your letter. Pam is now in the middle of her school exams and is doing well.

There is plenty for you to do when you come home, Joe. No. 1 is a fowl-house. Your wife says she wants to keep chickens. Pam was very interested in my shorthand. I gave her a few tips, and your wife was pleased.

You certainly have a lovely wife and daughter, Joe. Margaret said to me, "Tell him I love him more and more," and with Pam it was all "Daddy, Daddy."

But I was really shocked to



hear that your Bill was out after "birds" at four o'clock in the afternoon.

"He's started a little early?" I asked your wife.

"Oh, that's the cat," she said. "Joe loves him and they are great pals."

I tried to see Bill to get his picture, but he was still out when I left.



# Periscope Page

## WANGLING WORDS—62

1. Place the same three letters, in the same order, both before and after PI, and make a word.
2. Mix the letters of TAILOR and GAL to make an American reptile.
3. Change PIPE into FAGS, altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration.
- Change in the same way: WILL into WONT, DATE into GIRL, PIG into HAM.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from the word MATHEMATICS?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 61

1. MEDdlesOME.
2. WINCHESTER.
3. BOOT, BOAT, BEAT, BRAT, BRAD, BRED, BLEED, FLED, FLEE, FREE, TREE, BULL, BELL, BELT, BEET, BEEF.
- PIGS, PITS, PETS, PEAS, PEAT, BEAT, BENT, WENT, WONT, WORT, WORK, PORK, PEAS, PETS, POTS, PODS.
4. Tone, Vote, Love, Vole, Veto, Vest, Vine, Vile, Evil, Live, Lest, Lion, Lone, Line, Nile, Lien, Toil, Tile, Silo, Loin, Silt, Sine, Time, etc.  
Notes, Steel, Stone, Visit, Viols, Loves, Voles, Stove, Sleet, Islet, Stile, Lives, Tones, etc.

S	K	E	G	N	E	S
Y	A	R	M	O	U	T
S	O	U	T	H	E	N
R	A	M	S	G	A	T
H	A	S	T	I	N	G
B	R	I	G	H	T	O
W	E	Y	M	O	U	T
W	O	R	T	H	I	N

Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle.

## QUIZ for today

1. What is a cob?
2. Who were (a) Jane Austen, (b) Alfred Austin?
3. Which of the following is an "intruder," and why: Calceolaria, Geranium, Petunia, Tormentilla, Aubretia?
4. What and where are (a) The Iron Gate, (b) The Gate of Tears?
5. What is the most southerly town in the world?
6. Who were the Zamzum-mims?
7. What is meant by a larrikin?

## Answers to Quiz in No. 99

1. An old cat.
2. "Edwin Drood," by Dickens; "St. Ives," by Stevenson.
3. Bach was a composer; the others are authors.
4. 4 feet 8½ inches.
5. Ben Jonson, contemporary with Shakespeare.
6. 1,142 feet per second.
7. The tinkling sound of bells.
8. An Indian tree venerated by Buddhists.
9. Hero of a poem by Thackeray; also a character in Du Maurier's "Trilby."
10. A fictitious whist player in an essay by Charles Lamb.
11. 1455.
12. An Alsatian dog used as a film actor; died 1932.



By HERMAN  
MELVILLE

ACCORDINGLY, when he arose to depart, I accompanied him, with the natives, outside of the house, with a view of carefully noting the path he would take in leaving the valley. Just before leaping from the pi-pi, he clasped my hand, and, looking significantly at me, exclaimed, "Now you see—you do what I tell you—ah! then you do good;—you no do so—ah! then you die."

The next moment he waved his spear in adieu to the islanders, and, following the route that conducted to a defile in the mountains lying opposite the Happar side, was soon out of sight.

A mode of escape was now presented to me; but how was I to avail myself of it? I was continually surrounded by the savages; I could not stir from one house to another without being attended by some of them; and even during the hours devoted to slumber, the slightest movement which I made seemed to attract the notice of those who shared the mats with me. In spite of these obstacles, however, I determined forthwith to make the attempt. To do so with any prospect of success, it was necessary that I should have at least two hours' start before the islanders should discover my absence; for with such facility was any alarm spread through the valley, and so familiar, of course, were the inhabitants with the intricacies of the groves, that I could not hope, lame and feeble as I was, and ignorant of the route, to secure my escape unless I had this advantage.

It was also by night alone that I could hope to accomplish my object, and then only by adopting the utmost precaution.

The entrance to Marheyo's habitation was through a low, narrow opening in its wicker-work front. This passage, for no conceivable reason that I could devise, was always closed after the household had retired to rest, by drawing a heavy slide across it, composed of a dozen or more bits of wood, ingeniously fastened together by seizures of sinuate.

When any of the inmates chose to go outside, the noise occasioned by the removing of this rude door awakened everybody else; and on more than one occasion I had remarked that the islanders were nearly as irritable as more civilized beings under similar circumstances.

The difficulty thus placed in my way I determined to obviate in the following manner. I would get up boldly in the course of the night, and, drawing the slide, issue from the house, and pretend that my object was merely to procure a drink from the calabash, which always stood without the dwelling on the corner of the pi-pi.

On re-entering I would purposely omit closing the passage after me, and trusting that the indolence of the savages would prevent them from repairing my neglect, would return to my mat, and waiting patiently until all were again asleep, I would then steal forth, and at once take the route to Pueearka.

The very night which followed Marnoo's departure, I proceeded to put this project into execution. About midnight, as I imagined, I arose and drew the slide. The natives, just as I had expected, started up, while some of them asked, "Arware poo awa, Tommo?" (where are you going, Tommo?) "Wai," (water) I laconically answered, grasping the calabash. On hearing my reply, they sank back again, and in a minute or two I returned to my mat, anxiously awaiting the result of the experiment.

One after another the savages, turning restlessly, appeared to resume their slumbers, and, rejoicing at the stillness which prevailed, I was about to rise again from my couch, when I heard a slight rustling—a dark form was intercepted between me and the doorway—the slide was drawn across it, and the individual, whoever he was, returned to his mat.

This was a sad blow to me; but as it might have aroused the suspicions of the islanders to have made another attempt that night, I was reluctantly obliged to defer it until the next. Several times after I repeated the same manoeuvre, but with as little success as before.

As my pretence for withdrawing from the house was to allay my thirst, Kory-Kory, either suspecting some design on my part, or else prompted by a desire to please me, regularly every evening placed a calabash of water by my side.

## Who is it?

He was once a ploughman, and wrote a poem about a daisy. He became an exciseman, and wrote poems about a mouse and a louse. One of his songs is sung at least once a year, the singers holding hands. Who was he? (Answer on Page 3)

Even under these inauspicious circumstances I again and again renewed the attempt; but when I did so, my valet always rose with me, as if determined I should not remove myself from his observation. For the present, therefore, I was obliged to abandon the attempt; but I endeavoured to console myself with the idea, that by this mode I might yet effect my escape.

Shortly after Marnoo's visit I was reduced to such a state that it was with extreme difficulty I could walk, even with the assistance of a spear, and Kory-Kory, as formerly, was obliged to carry me daily to the stream.

For hours and hours, during the warmest part of the day, I lay upon my mat, and while those around me were nearly all dozing away in careless ease, I remained awake, gloomily pondering over the fate which it appeared now idle for me to resist. When I thought of the loved friends who were thousands and thousands of miles from the savage island in which I was held a captive—when I reflected that

## JANE



## ROUND THE WORLD

with our  
Roving Cameraman



## ARCTIC STOCKINGS.

The reason this picture was taken was not to get a close up of the Eskimos themselves, but one of their hosiery. For that hosiery is their latest style in stockings and boots all in one. These are made of seal-skin lined with polar hare, and they supply the warmth the Greenland ladies need. And the picture was taken in an Arctic summer.

## ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

- My first is in LANDING, but not in GROUNDS,  
My second's in BARRACKS, and not OUT-OF-BOUNDS,  
My third is in both DEFENCE and ATTACK,  
My fourth is in FISHING, but not in SMACK,  
My fifth is in JACK-BOOTS, yet not in JERSEY,  
My sixth is in CHANNEL, but not in MERSEY,  
My seventh's in GRID-IRON as well as GRATING,  
My eighth is in OFFICER, not in RATING,  
My ninth's not in ARMOUR, but is in PLATING.

(Answer on Page 3)

## MIXED DOUBLES

A game or sport, and something essential to or connected with it, is "anagrammed" in each of the two phrases below:—

- (a) COMB NOT STUCK IN THE LAD.  
(b) BEG BIG CAPER.

(Answers on Page 3)



## Beelzebub Jones



## Belinda



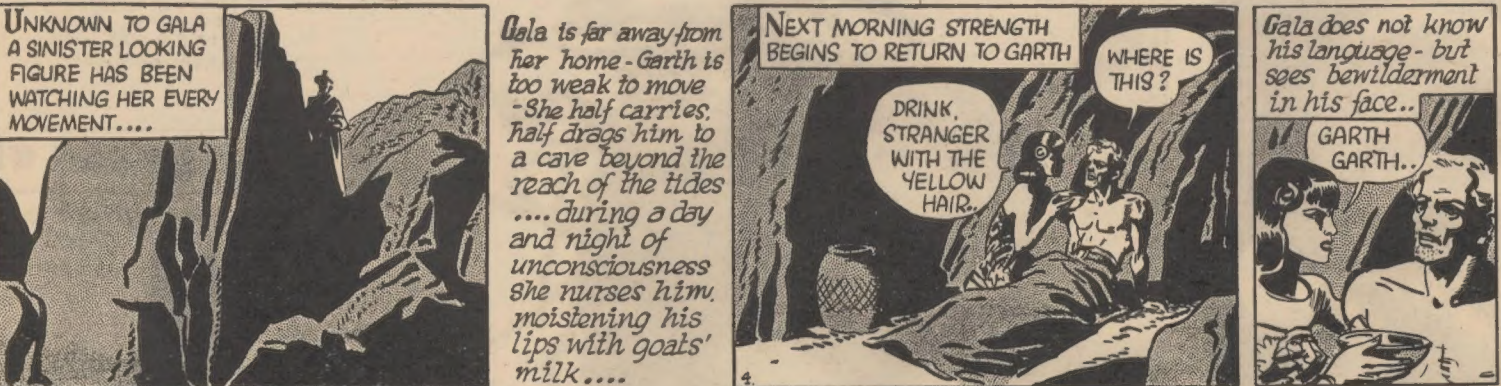
## Popeye



## Ruggles



## Garth



## THEY SAY— WHAT DO YOU SAY?

### THE EMPTY SPACES.

WHEN this war is won, the first problem that must be solved is that of the empty spaces. A nation that controls vast territories, and refuses to fulfil its duty to people them, cannot hope to retain its place in the world. It is population that settles the fate of empires. When France restricted her birth-rate until every fifth family was childless, and her population sank to half that of Germany, she was doomed.

Dr. Norman Maclean.

### OVER-POPULATION.

WHY is an increase in the birth-rate essential? From the point of view of this country it isn't. . . . Britain is the most over-populated country, having 703 to the square mile, whereas Germany went into this war because of her "over-population" of only 347 to the square mile. But we have a vast Empire which should be populated with British stock. That this country is so over-populated at present is largely due to the failure of our Dominions in recent years to receive our immigrants.

Dr. Marie Stopes.

### SUBSIDIES.

AS the result of a curious confusion of mind, the same people often advocate a large subsidised British agriculture and also the utmost collaboration with other countries. Can they not realise that such an agricultural policy will be regarded as purely nationalistic and may help to wreck many schemes for international co-operation?

Walter Worcester.

### PROPERTY.

THE ownership of property demands as high a degree of skill and knowledge as any other business, with a burden of work which is truly staggering. The landlord, by force of competition, only receives a very modest net return on his capital.

M. Sinclair (Hadley Wood).

### COMMITTEE OF PARENTS.

AS a means of encouraging the people to take a greater interest in education, every council school should have a committee of parents, so that they can keep in touch with new ideas and realise their possibilities.

Col. Christopher Hughes (Marlborough).

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES DOWN.

1 Central part. 2 Inspire. 3 Trembled. 4 Whetstone. 5 Cajolery. 6 Consumed. 7 Fibre for cordage. 8 Throw up. 9 Yellow alloy. 15 Blushed. 18 Essentially. 20 Place apart. 22 Sort of poplar. 23 Construct. 25 Hard question. 26 Due amount. 28 Greek "Z." 31 Strange.

### CLUES ACROSS.

1 Rough. 5 Over. 9 Scottish mountain. 10 Boy's name. 11 Dried fruit. 12 Smaller. 13 Limb. 14 Girl's name. 16 Because. 17 Break hole. 19 Bad. 21 Harangues. 23 Entertainment. 24 Falls. 26 A man. 27 Sort of axe. 29 Hang limply. 30 Peer. 32 Enclose. 33 Try to equal. 34 Number. 35 Size of paper. 36 Reptile.

SCOURS SLEW LOW OILCAKE UNEVEN AGED BINE GONG C C IDEA ERE CABLE TIDES ELL LIST V D OPEN EYES AGUE CAMERA ROSEBUD WIG STEP ROUSES

## TYPEE

Continued from Page 2.

objected, and motioned Kory-Kory to bring me into the house. It was in vain to resist; and in a few moments I found myself within the Ti, surrounded by a noisy group engaged in discussing the recent intelligence. Toby's name was frequently repeated, coupled with violent exclamations of astonishment. It seemed as if they yet re-

mained in doubt with regard to the fact of his arrival, and at every fresh report that was brought from the shore they betrayed the liveliest emotions.

Almost frenzied at being held in this state of suspense, I passionately besought Mehevi to permit me to proceed. Whether my companion had arrived or not, I felt a presentiment that my own fate was about to be decided. Again and again I renewed my petition to Mehevi. He regarded me with a fixed and serious eye, but at length,

yielding to my importunity, reluctantly granted my request.

Accompanied by some fifty of the natives, I now rapidly continued my journey, every few moments being transferred from the back of one to another, and urging my bearer forward all the while with earnest entreaties.

As I thus hurried forward, no doubt as to the truth of the information I had received ever crossed my mind. I was alive only to the one overwhelming idea, that a chance of deliverance was now

afforded me, if the jealous opposition of the savages could be overcome.

Having been prohibited from approaching the sea during the whole of my stay in the valley, I had always associated with it the idea of escape. Toby, too—if indeed he had ever voluntarily deserted me—must have effected his flight by the sea; and now that I was drawing near to it myself, I indulged in hopes which I had never felt before.

(Continued to-morrow)

### Answer to WHO IS IT?

ROBERT BURNS.

### Solution to Allied Ports.

ARCHANGEL.

### Answers to Mixed Doubles.

- (a) BADMINTON & SHUTTLECOCK.  
(b) CRIBBAGE & PEG.

Send us your stories  
jokes, drawings  
and ideas—help  
produce your own  
newspaper



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.



## STARS AND STRIPES

And Maureen O'Hara has certainly gained her stripes (see her in 20th Century Fox latest "This Land is Mine.") How she wears 'em is just nobody's business, but she looks cute to us.



Say cameraman, call this a joke, sticking me between these two. With green peas and new potatoes, sure, but, hell, not sandwiched by pork "chops."



## This England

Could anything be more peaceful than this glimpse of the village of Luccombe in Somerset. Even the child walks with unhurried gait.



Holding my head up? Of course I am. I know you've caught me in my curlers, but see me this afternoon at the Dog Show. Dewsbarian Dukie is the name, just in case you don't recognise me.



Maybe you think I'se a wire-haired terrier with a coiffure like this. No, sirree, I'se just a Dahomey woman, tho' more'n ordinary like.

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"They sure are the cats whiskers"

